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The Easter WAR CRY

CANADA EAST

We Have
Redemption
Through
His
Blood



THROUGH THE AGES FOR ALL AGES

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From the Cradle



To the Cross ~



THE LAST SUPPER

"And they began to be sorrowful."—Mark 14:19.

"FOR HE SHALL
SAVE HIS
PEOPLE."
Matt. 1:21.

Matt. 1:21.



PETER'S DENIAL

"Peter . . . wept bitterly."—Luke 22:62.

GETHSEMANE
"Being in . . . agony
He prayed."—Luke
22:44.



BEFORE PILATE

"They began to accuse Him."—Luke 23:2.



THE CROSS-BEARER

"They . . . led Him out to crucify Him."—
Mark 15:20.

THE CRUCIFIXION

"It is finished."—
John 19:30.





HE prophets of God were foretellers of future events, and forth-tellers of a God-breathed message. It was their privilege to be the practical visionaries of ancient days. Their prophetic sight pierced deep into the haze of unbright centuries, and to them was revealed what, to the bulk of mankind, remained veiled in mystery.

Now prophecy is not a complex, uninteresting study which we should avoid; rather it ranks among the most inspiring and convincing departments of Biblical research. Peter calls it "a more sure word of prophecy," and "a light that shineth in a dark place" (2 Peter 1:19). Therefore, we may find it profitable pastime this Lenten Season to look through the prophetic telescope of those savants of the East, that we might learn just what the prophets did see concerning the Person of Jesus Christ.

What did the prophets see? They saw, among other things,

THE MESSIAH'S INCARNATION

It was foreseen that a Redeemer was to be born as a child (Isa. 9:6), of a virgin mother (Isa. 7:14), and in the town of Bethlehem (Micah 5:2). He was to be of the seed of Abraham (Gen. 12:23) and of the royal line of David (2 Sam. 7:12-13). Jeremiah predicted Herod's dastardly slaughter of the innocents (Jer. 31:15), and Hosea even hinted of a flight into Egypt (Hos. 11:1).

Not only did those grand old seers foretell of circumstances surrounding the Saviour's birth, but they also caught foreglances of

THE MESSIAH'S HUMILIATION

It was David who, ten centuries before Christ, glimpsed the tragedy of the betrayal by Judas, in those words so startling for their correctness of description—"Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, when did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me (Psalm 41:9).

Zechariah, preaching in 500 B.C. added a significant touch to the prophetic portraiture when he said, "So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver" (Zech. 11:12). Comparison of his foretelling with the historic record of the fact as found in Matt. 26:15, must convince the sincere seeker for truth that all prophecy is God-breathed. The Son of God, sold for 30 pieces of silver (\$19.50 in Canadian currency)—the price of a slave (Ex. 21:32)—and a prophet foresaw the event five centuries before either betrayer or Betrayed was born!

Thus did the Messianic artists, one by one, dip their brushes into the Divine Palette, and with the contribution of each succeeding prophet the Messiah's likeness became more clearly defined. But it was given to Isaiah, the chief prophet of redemption, to add the rarest of coloring and most skilful of touches to the sacred Portrait. Witness his painting of the Face of Jesus Christ.

He revealed the indecency it was to suffer. "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting" (Isa. 50:6). Compare this with the Evangelist's record, "Then did they spit in His face and buffet Him" (Matt. 26:67).

He revealed the indignity it was to suffer. "His visage was so marred more than any man" (Isa. 52:14). Compare this with St. Luke's words, "And when they had blindfolded Him, they struck Him on the face" (Luke 22:61). Then, too, consider the eloquence and minute exactness of Isaiah's description of the Saviour's humiliation in chapter 53.

In the prophetic vision was also included

THE MESSIAH'S CRUCIFIXION

From the very infancy of the race mankind was given hint that the Redeemer was to be injured in the foot. "Thou (Satan) shalt bruise His (Christ's) heel" (Gen. 3:15).

Further glimpses of the particular mode of the Messiah's death were revealed by several prophets. Zechariah, for instance, wrote, "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced," and "What are these wounds in thine hands?" (Zech. 12:10 and 13:6). In one of the most remarkable Messianic passages in Scripture, Psalm 22, the author bequeathed us a graphic account of just what happened to Christ on the Cross. Notice the expiring cry in verse one and then refer to Matt. 27:46. Mark the scorn of the mockers as they toss their heads (vs. 7), and the malignity of their utterances (vs. 8); then consider how accurately was the prophet's vision of the actual facts found in Matt. 27:39, 43. Take particular note of verse 16, "They pierced my hands and my feet," and then recall that these words were written a millennium before death by crucifixion was known to have been practiced.

You enquire, "What did the prophets see?" They saw more in a forward look to a Christ yet unborn than many a modern scholar sees in a backward look to an historical Christ. What did they see? Well, David foresaw the fulfillment of Matt. 27:34 when he wrote, "They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink" (Ps. 69:21). John 19:32 was foretold in Ps. 34:20, "He keepeth all His bones; not one of them is broken." That the Master's garments would be the objects of a gamble was predicted in Psalm 22:18, "They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture."

What did the prophets see? They saw

THE MESSIAH'S RESURRECTION

The Saviour's body was not to experience the corrupting influence of the grave. David prophesied to that effect in those words, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption" (Ps. 16:10). That this verse has direct reference to Jesus is authenticated by Peter's sermon (Acts 2:25-27), where he used the Old Testament quotation as a part of his argument.

Witness also Isaiah's words, "Thy dead men shall live, together with My dead body shall they arise" (Isa. 26:19).

The first of the pre-exilic prophets, Jonah, was a type of Christ, and his unique experience for three days and three nights in the carcass of a fish foreshadowed the entombment and resurrection of Jesus. The Lord, Himself, vouches for the historicity of Jonah and the veracity of his book, when He said, "As Jonah was . . . so shall the Son of Man be" (Matt. 12:40).

If the prophets foresaw the Easter victory, they also had foregleams of

THE MESSIAH'S ASCENSION

Just as His entry into the world was a supernatural one, even so was His exit. His ministry while on earth was a purely local one; His Person could grace but one place at a time; so it was necessary that He become a King invisible, that He might be worshipped in spirit by the entire race of men. That such would be the case was forecast in Psalm 110:1. "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." There is also another suggestive verse in this connection, Psalm 68:18, "Thou hast ascended on high, Then hast led captivity captive." Compare this with Eph. 4:7-9.

Last of all, and most distant of events included in the perspective of prophetic foresight, was

THE MESSIAH'S REVELATION

As we are informed in Jude 14, the return of Jesus Christ was first predicted by Enoch, the antediluvian prophet. "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints." How interesting for us to know that one of the seventh generation from Adam, away back there before the deluge, caught a foregleam of the Revelation of Jesus Christ from Heaven! And of this, the most stupendous Visitation the world will ever know, practically all the prophets have some word to say, even down to Malachi, the last of them all. (Mal. 4:5).

"Even so, come Lord Jesus."



What do the flowers say?

HE prophets spake God's message in centuries past—but to-day Israel mourns because she has no prophet. Is, therefore, God's voice silent? Nay, God has more than one Bible, for he speaks through every crystal dewdrop, every crimson sunset, every capricious wind, every arched rainbow, every mist-robed mountain, and every budding flower. "There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification" (1 Cor. 14:10).

As William Cullen Bryant says:—

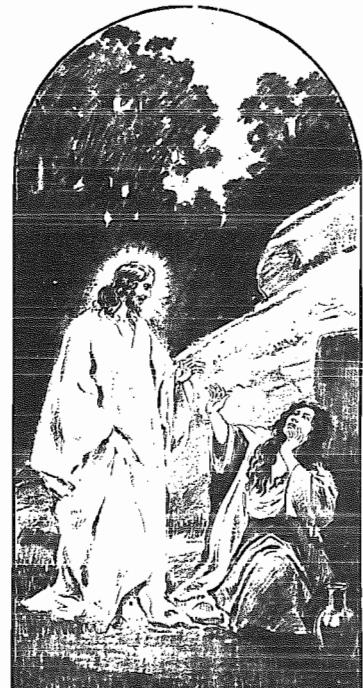
"To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, She speaks a various language."

Let us listen to-day, then, to what the flowers have to say. Did the trumpet voice of the prophet herald a coming Messiah? Then we declare unto you that the flowers testify to a present, living Saviour.

Put your ear close to the throbbing heart of every stately rose and listen to its story of Him who said, "I am the Rose of Sharon" (Song of Sol. 2:1). Every colorful blend of its petals, every winsome appeal of its unfolding heart, every tint of its bleeding redness, speak of Christ, of whom the Wise Man might well write, "He is altogether lovely" (Song of Sol. 5:16).

WHAT DOES THE LILY SAY?

It likewise speaks a message of the Man of Galilee, who one day plucked an unsullied lily and used it for a preaching text to listening multitudes (Matt. 6:28). Is it not also written, "I am . . . the lily of the valleys" (Song of Sol. 2:1)?



—E.L.

And is the Christ not just that? Ah, how many have staggered unhelped, fatigued, through the valley with its encroaching shadows and enveloping gloom? And when "at wits' end corner", and the heart quailed, has not a Wondrous Presence illuminated the darkness so that you have found Him to be even as the Scripture hath said, "The Lily of the valleys"?

WHAT DOES THE GORSE BUSH SAY?

Have you noticed how the whole year round its thorns grow harder and sharper? By and by Spring days come, yet the thorns do neither drop off nor soften. There they remain as uncompromising as ever, while about half way up appear two brown furry balls, mere specks at first, that break at last—straight out of last year's thorn—into the blaze of fragrant golden glory!

But what is it the gorse bush is saying? Just this. "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory . . . after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect" (1 Peter 5:10). Reader, take cheer: regard not over seriously the clinging troubles that beset your pathway, for Springtime will come and surely will buds adorn the thorns with glory. Consider the very hardest thing in your life, the greatest difficulty, the most vulnerable point of temptation—and then believe that God can manifest Himself most powerfully just at that place. The golden gorse says it—that the Lord will make the thorn in your soul to blossom! Hallelujah!

WHAT DOES THE BUTTERCUP SAY?

Have you never heard its message of "Full surrender as the way to victory"? Sometime examine carefully how the little hands of the calyx clasp tightly the bud around the petals. In the younger flowers these hands are somewhat elastic in their grasp, loosening a lit in the daytime, but retaining the power to contract, and even able to close in a rainstorm or when night arrives. But in the matured flower, the calyx hands unclasp completely, and fold themselves back beyond the power to recover their grip on the yellow petals. Thus is the flower left to beautify the world with its bloom, and release the petals when the will of its Maker so demands.

Are your hands off the very blossom of your life? Do you hold all things so loosely that, at His beckoning, you will release them without a struggle? How about your children? Your substance? Your position? Your talents?

Notice that it is not by the partial relaxing of the grasp that victory is won. There must be a surrender so that the treasure will nevermore be demanded back again. When your hands, like the little calyx hands of the buttercup, are not only taken off, but folded behind your back in utter abandonment, then it is that God is most greatly glorified in you. "A full surrender is the way to full blessing," so says the buttercup.

WHAT DOES THE DANDELION SAY?

"What a message from such a common and much-abused child of nature?" you ask. Yes, a lesson, and a very precious one, too. You are all acquainted with the fact that when a dandelion has shed its pointed golden petals, a delicate, lacy, white seed-globe forms in its place. You have seen these globes by the hundreds lift their heads triumphantly above the grass as if to say with Paul, "I am now ready to be offered" (2 Tim. 4:6). Then the gentle breeze comes, and one by one the tiny white parts separate from the mother plant and travel in all directions to accomplish their mission in the world.

We need more of this spirit of offering and self-denying in our midst. What a revolution would come over this world of starving souls if we prac-

ticed the standard of giving taught us by this humble flower! If every Christian would sacrifice the "I", "Me" and "Mine" they would find fruitage of the sacrifice in all parts of the community, even as each little seedlet

of the flower springs up in newness of life the following year, the personality of the mother plant being multiplied a hundred times. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John 12:24). Thus is Scripture ever true to nature.

WHAT DOES THE VIOLET SAY?

Why, it sends forth its perennial message of the resurrection, even as did the prophets of yore. Picture the lassie who hopefully goes to the nearby forest, plucks a bunch of violets for her teacher, returns to school and gaily presents her flowery findings to the delighted school matron. But soon, Summer days pass and the chills of Autumn foretell of Winter's nearness. Missie again goes in search of violets for her teacher and, alas, finds none. She weeps her way back, burdened with a sad message: "There are no more violets; they are dead."

Dead? Yes, very dead. Dead forever? No, not forever! For the wheels of time move, and a Summer's sun once more pours out its magnetic rays upon the lifeless forest. The gardens again bloom, birds sing once more, and girlie hires her to the forest in search of flowers. What does she behold? There, at the foot of the same old trees are little bushes of violets with their handsome upturned faces, waiting to greet her. The violets rose again! Happy day! "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" (Psalm 30:5).

And we who are Christ's have this promise, "If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection" (Rom. 6:5). Violets are planted in Winter's death, but do rise again. Are we not more than violets?

WHAT DO THE FLOWERS SAY?

They speak in no uncertain language of fleeting time and fading life. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth . . . surely the people is grass" (Isa. 40:7). The tulips come in May, but in July they are gone. The roses bloom in June, but in a month they are withered. The fleur de lis beautifies our gardens in July, but with August days breathes its last. All flowers, regardless of fragrance or beauty, have but a brief span of life, and their corruption has its victory. The prophet declares there is a similitude between the fruit of the earth and mankind in this respect—that they both fade. "Surely the people is grass."

Then it behoves us to heed the message of the flowers. Let us perfume the world with fragrance living while we have opportunity. Let us bless our fellowmen while we are in the full bloom of life; for such is the flowers' lesson to you this Easter tide. "For lo, the Winter is past . . . the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come" (Song of Sol. 2:11-12).

Even these and many other things do the flowers say, the which, if they should be written every one, even the world itself could not contain the books that might be written.



THE ATONEMENT

ITS MEANING AND IMPORTANCE

By
THE ARMY FOUNDER

This eloquent and impressive exposition of the glorious doctrine of the Atonement, as well as the supreme importance of this great truth in the life of every Salvationist, delivered by General William Booth in London, England, shortly before his passing, is eminently appropriate in these days of weak and undecided preaching.

We must hold on to the Atonement because of the marvellous revelation it conveys of the love of God to man. We have proof of it in the Salvation and preservation of His people, in their Sanctification, warfare, and final triumph over death and Hell. It was the manifestation of Jesus Christ upon the Cross in anguish and blood which made all this glory possible. If you want to know the love of God, go and look at Him dying on the Tree!

We must hold on to the Atonement because it supplies the spirit and incentive to love God in return.

As I kneel before His form on the Tree, and remember Who He was and why He came here, I can do no other than say from the depths of my being:

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ,
my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

We must hold on to the Atonement because of the picture it presents of the majesty of the Divine law, and the importance of its maintenance.

As I look upon the suffering Christ I am not only compelled to think of the high estimate God sets upon the law that keeps the universe in order, but my heart bounds to render obedience to that law.

We must hold on to the Atonement because of the revelation it makes of the evil of sin.

If I were permitted to witness the agonizing miseries that sin brings upon men in this life; if I could walk over the battlefields, enter prisons, workhouses, slums and other places of vice and crime, I should get some idea of how evil and bitter a thing it is to sin.

If I were permitted to go down into Hell itself and witness the terrible sufferings and miseries of the lost souls, I should get some idea of the terrible consequences which follow the transgression of the holy law of God. But I could not find such a telling impression of the evil nature of

sin as I see when I behold my Saviour on the Tree, and know that it was sin that nailed Him there.

We must hold on to the Atonement because of the door of mercy that it flings open for all mankind.

Millions have entered with the sentiment in their hearts that we express by our song, "His Blood can make the vilest clean"; and by no other way can the human race find relief and pardon for sin than through His all-atonning Blood.

We must hold on to the Atonement because more than half the race die in infancy, and by virtue of the Atonement are transplanted to the heavenly clime, where, in view of the holy example of its pure inhabitants, they grow up to celestial maturity.

We must hold on to the Atonement because of the example the Saviour's character furnishes for imitation.

Nowhere in the history of the race have we any human being to whom we can point and say—Take not only the precepts of His mouth as your guide, but the example of His life.

We must hold on to the Atonement because of the material, moral, mental and spiritual blessings that stream from it throughout the dark, desolate world.

We must hold on to the Atonement because of the fire of compassion and love for the sinning, suffering bodies and souls of men it has kindled in the hearts of those who yield themselves to its influence.

We must hold on to the Atonement because of the fullness of the Holy Spirit's influence it has made possible to men.

Think of the multitude which no man can number already assembled there who have washed their robes, and the multitudes more who will avail themselves of the same blessed preparation.

To take the Atonement out of the Bible would not only rob the sacred Volume of its chief interest, but rob it of its power to bless. Without the Atonement, the Bible would cease to be the light of the world, and would virtually vanish from the earth.

We must hold on to the Atonement because its loss would deprive multitudes of the most powerful motive to Holiness.

We must hold on to the Atonement because it constitutes our most powerful weapon in the fight with godless crowds in the market-places, in the halls, theatres, brothels, public-houses, or wherever we find them. Christ living, suffering, dying for them is the most powerful reason we can present in favor of their submission and Salvation.

If there was no Atonement we should abandon singling, and the river of our peace would cease to flow.

We must hold on to the Atonement because the objections now raised against it are as anti-quated as the Sadducees. They are unscriptural,



anti-Christian, and in opposition to the experiences of every converted man.

We must hold on to the Atonement because it is the greatest and grandest thing in God's universe! Where should we be without the Cross?

By the Atonement of Christ each of the three following objects was gained:

(1) On the one hand, God shows to all the inhabitants of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell, the importance of obeying the laws He has made, and the awful results of breaking them.

(2) It enabled Him also to pardon, sanctify, and take to His bosom all who have repented of their sins, returned to lives of obedience, accepted His mercy, and believed on His Son.

(3) And, further, it revealed, as nothing else could have done, the depth of the pity, and mercy, and love, of His heart towards men by thus opening a wonderful way for their Salvation.

Where are you, my Comrades, on this all-important subject? What is your experience respecting it?

Jesus died for your sins, to open a way for your reconciliation with the Father, and make it possible for you to lead a holy life, and reach Heaven at last.

When King Charles the First was beheaded on the scaffold, it is said that the people, regarding him as a martyr, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, and preserved them as a memento of his death.

If I could have been present on Calvary, and dipped my handkerchief in Christ's Precious Blood and sent it to you as a memento of His dying love, what would you have said?

I cannot do that, but I send you afresh the assurance that the Fountain which was unssealed nearly two thousand years ago is still open. If you have not already washed your hearts from the record of every past sin, and every inward evil disposition, I invite you to do so this Easter, singing with the poet—

Now I have found the ground wherein

Sure my soul's anchor may remain;

The wounds of Jesus for my sin

Before the world's foundation slain;

Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,

When heaven and earth are fled away.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,

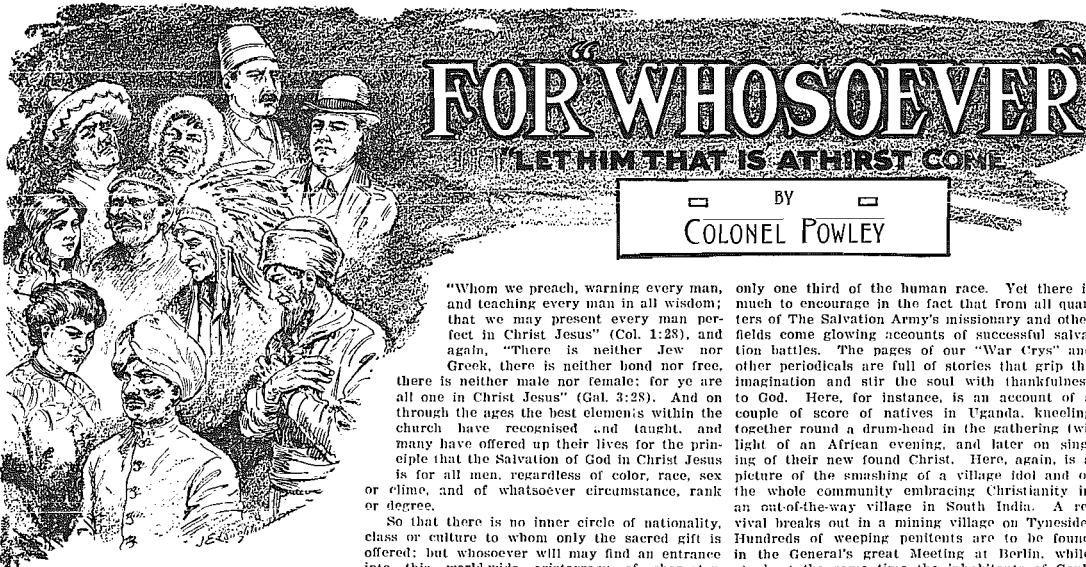
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;

This anchor shall my soul sustain,

When earth's foundations melt away;

Mercy's full power I then shall prove,

Loved with an everlasting love.



"Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus" (Col. 1:28), and again, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28). And on through the ages the best elements within the church have recognised and taught, and many have offered up their lives for the principle that the Salvation of God in Christ Jesus is for all men, regardless of color, race, sex or clime, and of whatsoever circumstance, rank or degree.

So that there is no inner circle of nationality, class or culture to whom only the sacred gift is offered; but whosoever will may find an entrance into this world-wide aristocracy of character, which is the distinguishing feature of the Christian religion.

THE LOGICAL CONCLUSION

The memory of this blessed fact must have been prominent in the mind of our illustrious Founder when he made the memorable decision that led to the raising up of The Salvation Army. As he looked upon the huge conglomeration of mingled poverty and vice in the east end of London, practically unchallenged and unchecked, he was deeply moved; very much, no doubt, as his Lord must have been when, beholding the city, he wept over it. Whatever William Booth's outlook had been up till then, he now opened wider his eyes and heart and took to his bosom, as it were, the whole world of misery and sin. In a sense that he had never done before. His mission must now be to the worst and most needy—thus leading up to the logical and inevitable result that everybody everywhere must be included.

This ideal became and still is the message of The Salvation Army. As the Founder himself used to say, "Charity begins at home, but it does not stay there," and so for many years past and particularly during the last decade, under the direction of our present General, The Salvation Army has heeded the call that cannot be denied and has poured out its treasure—in the shape of young men and women who have dedicated themselves to the great and glorious task of spreading the glad tidings of Christ's invitation, and that "Whosoever will may come."

The need is greater than ever in non-Christian lands, for the sweeping on-rush of European thought and customs, unaccompanied by Christian teaching, is placing their peoples in danger of getting farther and farther from Christ, instead of being drawn to Him. It is a melancholy reflection that to-day—after nearly two thousand years—Christianity is the religion, even in name, of

only one third of the human race. Yet there is much to encourage in the fact that from all quarters of The Salvation Army's missionary and other fields come glowing accounts of successful salvation battles. The pages of our "War Crys" and other periodicals are full of stories that grip the imagination and stir the soul with thankfulness to God. Here, for instance, is an account of a couple of score of natives in Uganda, kneeling together round a drum-head in the gathering twilight of an African evening, and later on singing of their new found Christ. Here, again, is a picture of the smashing of a village idol and of the whole community embracing Christianity in an out-of-the-way village in South India. A revival breaks out in a mining village on Tyneside. Hundreds of weeping penitents are to be found in the General's great Meeting at Berlin, while at about the same time the inhabitants of Goul-

burn, in New South Wales, Australia, are responding to the appeals of enthusiastic Salvation Army Cadets. News such as this gives some faint indication of the fascination and thrill and satisfaction which are the lot of those who have engaged themselves in this great work.

After the fact of Atonement itself, its supreme glory is surely the fact that it is for all; that all may share in its benefits—all may rejoice in its love, and all, in the strength of the power it provides, may break away finally and for ever from the enemy of their souls and march happily on their way through life—conquerors through the Blood. Let us again thank God and take courage; sounding out the glad news again and again, and yet again, until all the world, even that "uttermost part" that Jesus spoke of, has heard and accepted it.

"Oh for a trumpet voice, on all the world to call;

To bid their hearts rejoice, in Him who died for all!

For all, my Lord was crucified,

For all, for all my Saviour died!"

In our own land, as in every other, messengers are needed, and the question is still being asked, "Who will go for us?"

All have need of God's Salvation,
If with Him they'd live for ever,
But a promise He has given,
It is written, "Whosoever!"

For the poor and broken-hearted
There's a hope, and they need never
Have a fear about their coming,
For the Book says, "Whosoever."

To all kingdoms and all peoples
'Tis the same, and shall be ever,
There's no difference in the message,
But to all it's "Whosoever."

THE religion of the Lord Jesus Christ has in it many features of superlative excellence—features which lift it far above any other religious system that has ever been produced. Some one has said, "There are three great reasons on the ground of which we can claim that Christianity is the absolute and final religion. It contains the perfect ideal of man; it contains the perfect ideal of God, and it makes those ideals operative in the lives of men." For these reasons it is a religion of faith, hope, and of happiness. It teaches that God is love and that it is His will that men may be saved from sin and sanctified by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Its high ideals of human character and conduct are all capable of realisation, but the grandeur and wonder of it is enhanced by the fact that all the blessings and beauties of life that follow in its train are for all men everywhere. It says proudly, and with conviction, that "Whosoever will may come"—that all may be saved—that God's Salvation is for all.

This universality of Salvation was foretold in Old Testament days, and Jesus gave clear indication of the same idea in His teachings as in His personal dealing with individuals. The Jews had such a profound conception of their position as the chosen people of God that the thought of any others being accepted by Him was extremely repugnant to them; hence they rejected the doctrine with scorn. But the principle already affirmed by Jesus was confirmed by Him in His last days with His disciples, and was specially emphasized when giving them His final charge. We can imagine how their hearts would be burning with love as they gazed on His face for the last time and heard what they knew were His last words. And those last words were an instruction—nay, a solemn command—that they were to make known to all the wonderful thing that they had obtained.

They were to give everybody an opportunity of sharing in their joy. They were to go into all the world "and preach the Gospel to every creature."

EVERYBODY—EVERWHERE

Gradually and dimly the Apostles grasped the great idea. Peter came to it as a result of a vision, the lesson of which he could not resist, although he seems to have been somewhat reluctant to admit it. Paul, partly a Jew, partly a Greek, partly a Roman, specially equipped and designated by the Holy Spirit as the Apostle to the pagan world, eventually accepted the great commission, turning his back on the Jews and laying himself out to introduce Christ and Christian teaching throughout the then known world. During the course of his ministry he made the position clear, and in his writings over and over again we find such letters as the following:

The WAR CRY

FOREWORD

"HE IS RISEN"

*And in and through Him, all
may have Eternal Life.*

NEVER was the glorious message which Easter brings more needed or more welcome than it is to-day. Hope and revival—is not this the very note for which the weary, distracted hearts of a world still largely groping in darkness are waiting? It is not that the peoples have not tried to attain rest, and happiness and prosperity, as witness the mad rush for wealth, or pleasure, or knowledge; but their seeking has not been after God—hence the disastrous muddle and failure of so much of human life. For them and for all, thank God! Easter dawns once more, with its thrilling memories of Divine love, suffering, and triumphant power over the greatest and deadliest enemies of man—sin and the grave. Oh, hallelujah! Here is hope; here is spring in place of the world's winter; in short, here is Salvation.



WHILE it is a risen Saviour whose mighty victory over the legions of evil we celebrate, we must never forget that even for Him, the Conqueror, it was necessary to walk through the valley of humiliation bear the Cross, and endure the shame. Otherwise, He could not have fulfilled His gracious purposes and become humanity's Redeemer. The glory followed the suffering and the sacrifice. That is why the call of Easter, and the call of The Salvation Army, is to no flowery-beds-of-ease religion, but rather to one of fighting, aggression, thorns, and unceasing service. Yet—heavenly paradox as it is!—that is the way, the only way, to joy, to conquest, and to the crown that faideth not away. We pray for every reader a Good Friday—“dead indeed unto sin”—and an Easter resurrection—“alive unto God”—through Jesus Christ our Lord.

We HAVE REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD

By COMMISSIONER CHARLES SOWTON

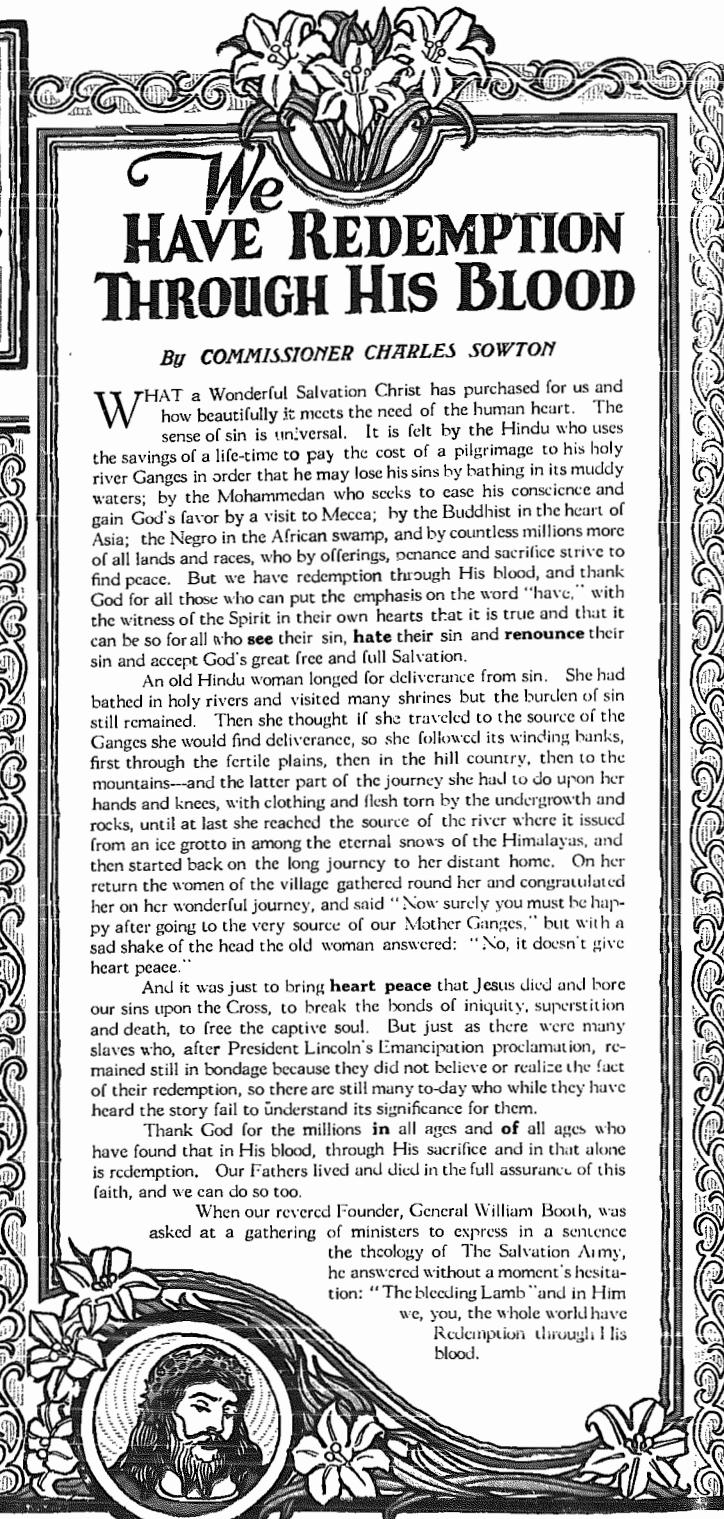
WHAT a Wonderful Salvation Christ has purchased for us and how beautifully it meets the need of the human heart. The sense of sin is universal. It is felt by the Hindu who uses the savings of a life-time to pay the cost of a pilgrimage to his holy river Ganges in order that he may lose his sins by bathing in its muddy waters; by the Mohammedan who seeks to ease his conscience and gain God's favor by a visit to Mecca; by the Buddhist in the heart of Asia; the Negro in the African swamp, and by countless millions more of all lands and races, who by offerings, penance and sacrifice strive to find peace. But we have redemption through His blood, and thank God for all those who can put the emphasis on the word “have,” with the witness of the Spirit in their own hearts that it is true and that it can be so for all who see their sin, hate their sin and renounce their sin and accept God's great free and full Salvation.

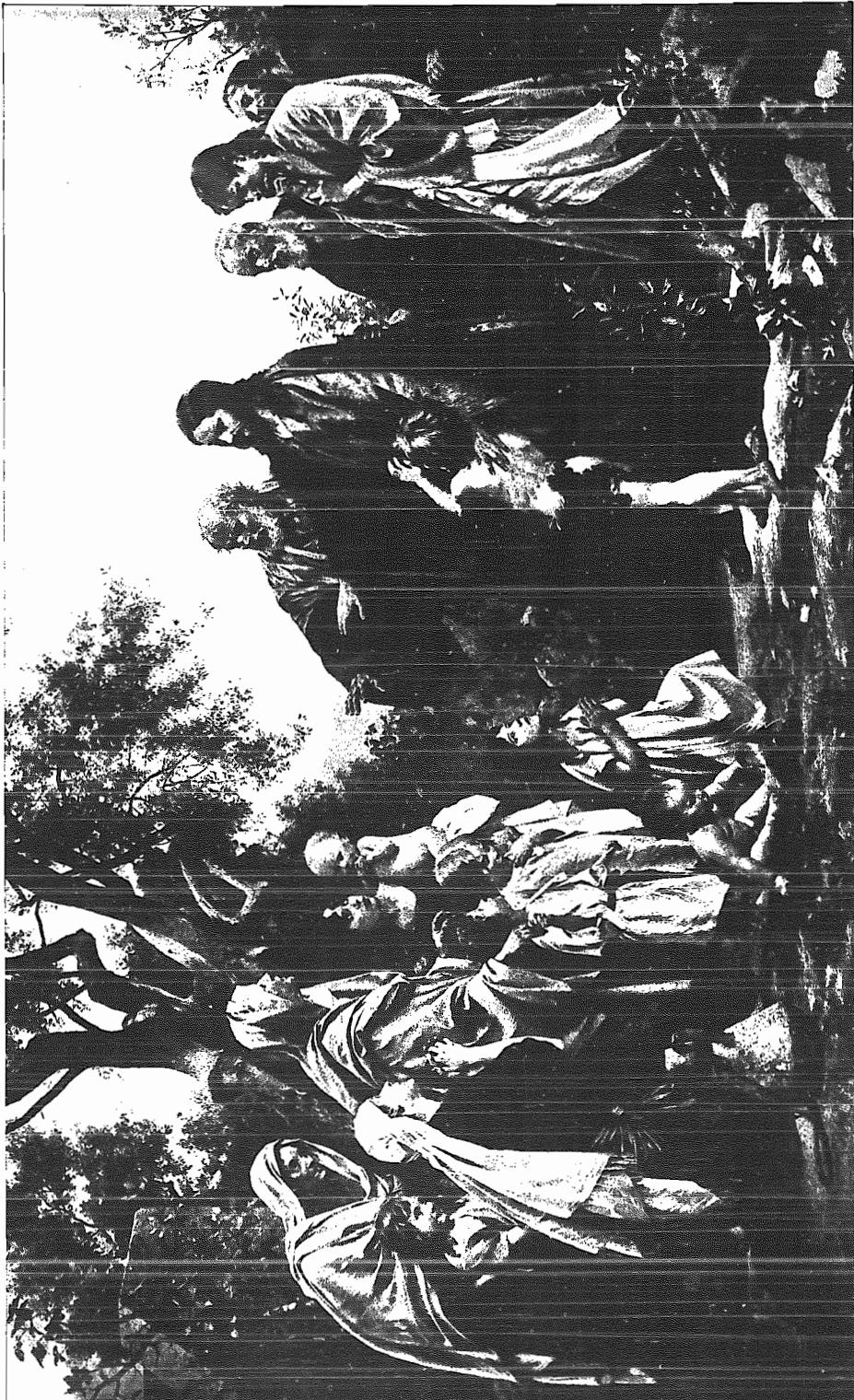
An old Hindu woman longed for deliverance from sin. She had bathed in holy rivers and visited many shrines but the burden of sin still remained. Then she thought if she traveled to the source of the Ganges she would find deliverance, so she followed its winding banks, first through the fertile plains, then in the hill country, then to the mountains—and the latter part of the journey she had to do upon her hands and knees, with clothing and flesh torn by the undergrowth and rocks, until at last she reached the source of the river where it issued from an ice grotto in among the eternal snows of the Himalayas, and then started back on the long journey to her distant home. On her return the women of the village gathered round her and congratulated her on her wonderful journey, and said “Now surely you must be happy after going to the very source of our Mother Ganges,” but with a sad shake of the head the old woman answered: “No, it doesn't give heart peace.”

And it was just to bring heart peace that Jesus died and bore our sins upon the Cross, to break the bonds of iniquity, superstition and death, to free the captive soul. But just as there were many slaves who, after President Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation, remained still in bondage because they did not believe or realize the fact of their redemption, so there are still many to-day who while they have heard the story fail to understand its significance for them.

Thank God for the millions in all ages and of all ages who have found that in His blood, through His sacrifice and in that alone is redemption. Our Fathers lived and died in the full assurance of this faith, and we can do so too.

When our revered Founder, General William Booth, was asked at a gathering of ministers to express in a sentence the theology of The Salvation Army, he answered without a moment's hesitation: “The bleeding Lamb” and in Him we, you, the whole world have Redemption through His blood.





Presented with the Easter Edition of "The War Cry," 1925.

CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN

MESSAGES FROM THE CROSS ~By the General

ASTER is, for me, always filled with thoughts of Jesus Christ's humiliation and death more than of His resurrection and glory. The former seems—in some way which I cannot quite explain—so much nearer to us than the latter, so much more of the earth in which we live and work, so much more in harmony with our fathomless needs. And yet this view of our Saviour's mighty battle is perhaps a one-sided view. For in very truth the sacrifice and death of His Cross would have failed if they had not been completed by the triumph and power of His resurrection from the dead and His victory over the grave.

I say failed, because without the resurrection His work—so far as we can see—would have come to an end at the Cross, and the only hope for man was in a life that did not come to an end. What need for their battle with selfishness and sin is more than a sacrifice: it is the power of an endless life—of an endless love. Thank God, that is the power of His resurrection, the power which Jesus Christ offers, may, which—blessed be His Name!—He freely gives.

Nevertheless, as Colonel Weerasuriya said just before he passed away to God from the little Indian cottage, "The Cross is the attraction." It was the Cross that revealed the love of Christ—for it was His love and not the nails that really bound Him to the tree. It was on Calvary He died in His murderers' stead. It is His death, and His death alone, that gives us our personal claim on His power and mercy and grace.

His death is my plea;

My Advocate see,

And hear the Blood speak that hath answered for me.

For the Cross of Jesus testifies of many things. Wondrous as it was as a manifestation of Divine love and power, it was, and is even more wonderful in its revelation of human experience. The Son of God was also the Son of Man. The events of that first Good Friday were higher than the heavens in their mercy and grace, and yet they are quite near to the everyday wants of ordinary lives and common folk.

It is most foolish, as well as wrong, to treat the life of Salvation as though it were something separate from the life of toil and care and temptation which ordinary mortals are called to live. I heard of a Local Officer in one of our small Corps, who goes daily to the hard task by which he earns a bit of bread, singing always the same sweet song, "We are going to work for Jesus—We are, we are, we are!" That is the spirit of the Cross in common things. Not reserved only for the Meetings, or the Open-Air demonstration, or the Sunday sermon, or the great occasion, but carried into every duty and brought to help with every burden. Is it not so? Look for a moment at some of the lessons of our daily lives which the

Cross of Christ declares.

The Cross speaks, first and foremost, of a struggle against sin. What a fight it was! With what long drawn-out agony the Gaviour struggled forward for us! How dark was thy hour, Gethsemane! How lonely He was, treading the vineyard alone, and of the people there was none with Him! How sorrowful! How hard pressed! But how faithful to the end! How careless of Himself! How mighty against sin—bearing the curse which should have come upon us and snatching the prey from the ravenous beasts of Hell! Yes, it was a great fight—a glorious fight.

Does not that wonderful, single-handed fight for our deliverance against all the Armies of Evil call to us this Easter to join in the struggle also? To go into battle against our own selfishness? To hate the most pleasant of our evil habits, or evil desires? Does it not impel us to venture out to contend with the evils around us? The pride—the fear—the lust—the uncleanness—the worldliness—The animalism—the cruelty—the unbelief—the coldness of the people?

And does not that fight on "dark Calvary" call to us to go up against sin with something of the same desperate zeal and agony and love that were manifested there? Oh, it seems to me that Jesus rose up that morning saying, "Now, to-day, I must defeat sin; I must silence the accuser; I must open a way for pardon to march down to man. I must do it, whether I go up or go down—I must do it, whether I live or die—I must do it!"

Have we done this? Has not our fight with evil, especially in our own lives, often been weak and tepid and half-hearted? Have we not been ready to excuse what ought to have been cut off and cast from us? Have we not been willing for everything but to make an end—which is the most important thing of all? And have we not been fearful in dealing with sinners, when we ought to have been filled with the thought of their danger and ready to lose ourselves that we might save them? Oh, may this Easter bring a new measure of that spirit from the Cross!

The Cross speaks of the claims of others. Christ did not die for Himself. While we were yet rebels He died for us. His love leaped over the barriers of neglect and coldness and poured itself out for us, at our very feet.

Is not that a lesson for us? Does our knowledge of Salvation for ourselves make that the great rule of life? Caring for others. Watching for their good. Seeking them when they neglect us. Suffering for them when they despise us. Praying for those who would "away with us" if they could. Not merely in connection with great events, but day by

day in the home, in the work-room and the mill, in the pit, in the small matters of kindness and patience and courtesy, and answering in meekness the reproaches and complaints of some or the bitternesses of others?

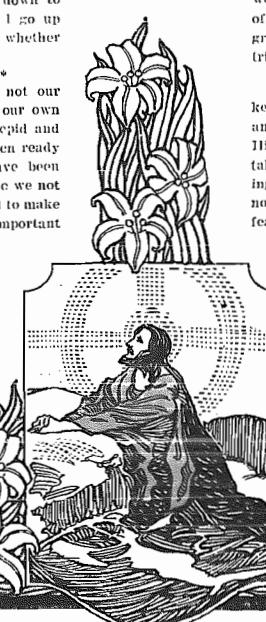
The Cross speaks of an uttermost consecration. We see in a moment that Jesus Christ kept nothing back that He could bring to His great sacrifice. He brought all His powers, with an exceeding great devotion, to the work of redeeming men by death, even the death of the Cross. There was no reserve.

Well, what of our consecration? Victory in following the Light will come for us, as it came for Him, by engaging every faculty, by consecrating every power to the honor and service of God. It is no use talking of the blessings of His Cross if

we have missed this—the emptying of ourselves which is alike the greatest blessing and the greatest triumph of all.

My friend, my comrade, have you kept back from God or His cause anything you ought to have given Him? Are you trying to go after Him, taking up your cross, without bringing all to the work? That will spell not only inward unrest, disquiet, and fear and guilt, but it will bring failure.

Give Him an Easter offering of all you have and all you can, and go forth to do His will a consecrated soul for ever! Then will you really enter into the "fellowship of His sufferings," for you will have given your dearest and your best. And on another resurrection morning you will joy to find the seed that was sown to have blossomed into everlasting bloom.



RESURRECTION REMARKABLES

HEN a Corps ten miles away from one of our newest openings in Belgium, lives a converted publican. He had kept a low drink saloon which had, on several occasions, been closed by the police because of its disorderly character. Two men had been killed on the premises; and the ill-repute of the place had spread far and wide. The Salvation Army, by its practical methods, was successful, eventually, in capturing the publican and his wife. He is now a devoted Salvationist and an earnest seeker of souls. The transformation of the man is the wonder of the countryside. His witness, in his old haunts, to the power of the Saviour, is especially helpful.

CLARENCE Angel, a young man once popular in wrestling circles, but now a Recruit of a Los Angeles (U.S.A.) Corps, says: "I was born in Evansville, Indiana, and from my earliest days was a wrestler and a fighter. My wrestling name was 'Kid Angel.' I have fought and wrestled from coast to coast, and held the mid-West championship. Now I am running away from it—a way that is worth while! I have stood before the world taking all-comers as long as I wished. I now stand before the world with a new purpose and am an overcomer through the power of Jesus Christ. I am now out to beat the Devil, and I try to pin him down, with Jesus as my referee. I have burned everything belonging to the old game, so that I shall have nothing to pull me back into the ropes. Glory to God!"

APPRENTICED to silversmiths, as his ancestors before him, Wong Chuen Kuee, a Chinese, was such a clever boy that when he was little more than seventeen years old, the people insisted on making him their god. The people who belonged to his sect of devil-worshippers used to gather round the boy, who would sit for hours in the one position, working himself into a frenzy and calling upon devils to come into him. **H**e was indeed devil-possessed! It happened that he was at Ting-chow, when Army Officers arrived there to start Salvation work in the district. Most of the people had never before seen foreigners, and the Meetings excited considerable attention. Among those interested was Wong Chuen Kuee. He attended night after night, and on the third occasion went to the penitent-form. His associates said he would not remain true to the foreign religion, as this would mean the loss of his high position. But soon Wong Chuen Kuee was testifying joyously and telling the people that instead of being in league with the devils, he now belonged to God. He had been accepted for service as a Salvation Army Officer.

THERE is nothing worth living for," exclaimed a woman as she made her way along the river bank. "One plunge," said the Tempter, "and all your troubles will be over." She was on the point of yielding when the sound of The Army drum caught her ear.

"Perhaps the Army can help me," she said to herself. "I'll try it, and if not, then I can come back to the water."

Retracing her steps she met the Band, and, following it to the Hall, went inside. Very soon she was kneeling at the mercy-seat, crying to God for pardon. There was no need for her to go to the river, for she found Salvation from all sin. Within six weeks she was reunited to her husband and family, from whom she had been separated through her drinking habits.

ENLISTING in the British Army, Alfred quickly became known as the harum-scarum of his regiment. Fond of the glass and pipe, he was frequently in the company of those who entertained similar tastes to his own. So bad did his conduct become that he was discharged with ignominy from the service. He then began to tramp the country, living as best he could without doing much work, and frequently falling into the hands of the police.

One night, as he was lounging against the wall of a public-house waiting for some one to give him the price of a drink, a Junior Band-lad passed and said, "Won't you come to The Army, mister, and hear our Band play? You can come with me if you like," he added, being struck by the man's hesitancy.

Together they went to the Meeting, and before it closed the little chap had the joy of leading the big drunkard to the Saviour.

On the market-square the following Sunday night the Convert told a crowd of listeners the story of his conversion. He explained that he had just done his first day's work for ten years—"except when in prison."

BILL had never believed in religion. In fact, only a week before his conversion, he had boasted one night in a public-house, that although The Army had captured so many of his companions, he was "Salvation proof." As if to emphasize that, he agreed to pay for drinks for the whole of his claims should he ever be caught!

Going home drunk after closing-time that night, he fell and severely injured his head. He remembered nothing more until he awoke to find himself in the Officers' Quarters, lying in a bed, between snow-white sheets, and to feel the tender hand of the Captain's wife bathing his cut forehead. When the doctor came he declared that if Bill had been left in the gutter, where the Captain had found him, another ten minutes, he would have bled to death!

It was a week later that Bill, his head swathed in bandages, insisted on going with the Officer to the Meeting, at the close of which he knelt at the mercy-seat.

Rising to his feet he told the story of his beast in the public-house,

his rescue from death by the Captain, and the care and attention bestowed on him.

"Friends," he concluded, "I said I was 'Salvation proof'—I hadn't bargained for the kind of Salvation which the Captain has practised on me."

A week later Bill visited his old companions, to whom he gave his testimony, and within a month he had led three of them to the Saviour.

IN the audience on the first of a recent Two Days with God, at Mill-may Hall, London, England was an elderly man, smartly dressed, who took a keen interest in the proceedings. At the close of the afternoon Meeting he boarded the same city-going bus as a "War Cry" representative, to whom he told the following story of his conversion:

Twenty-five years ago he was one of the worst characters in Bristol. One night, by some unaccountable reason—he was too intoxicated to know what he was doing—he went to a Meeting led by The Army Founder in the Colston Hall. He slept through most of the proceedings, and was at length awakened by a hand being laid on his shoulder and some one saying, "God loves you and wants to save you. He wants to make you a soul-winner!" "It was the General," he added, and he led me, dirty, unwashed, drink-sodden as I was, to the penitent-form and prayed me into the Kingdom!"

Continuing the story he said that for years, in connection with his business, he had travelled practically all over the world and had, in Salvation Army and other Meetings, told the story of his conversion.

As he left the bus he said, "I have been instrumental, in God's hands, during those twenty-five years of leading hundreds of souls into His Kingdom, and when I see The Army's Founder I shall say, 'General, these are all your jewels. But for your love for a poor drunkard's soul in Colston Hall, these might never have been saved!'"

THE Open-Air Meeting had just started outside a large club-house when a poor woman, very drunk, staggered towards the ring, and for a time she stood and listened. Presently, with tears in her eyes, she said to the Captain, "Is there any hope for the likes of me?" Assured that there was she knelt at the drum-head and cried to God to save her.

From the club windows several of the members who had been watching the proceedings called a young man to them and one said, "Drunken Meg's getting saved at T-Army; that is what you ought to do. You've been home drunk every night this week, and soon you'll be like that drunken wreck!"

Although this was meant for banter, it had a startling effect upon the young man who, rushing down the stairs, pushed his way through the crowd, and kneeling in the ring cried to God for deliverance.

In his testimony a few weeks later he said, "Although I went home drunk almost every night I prided myself on the fact that I was a respectable drunkard, but my old chum's words aroused me to my danger, and I saw that unless I gave up the drink I should speedily be as bad as the vilest sinner. But God has saved me!"

On the Saturday following his conversion he visited the club with "War Cry," and has continued to do so each week since. Better still, he has already won two of his old club-mates for God and The Army.

It is so dark, Oh, so dark!" groaned a young man as he lay apparently dying. His friends, hoping to pacify him, lighted the gas, but still he continued to cry. "It is so dark."

Presently the sound of singing was heard outside the house, and the anxious mother said to her boy, "That is The Salvation Army starting their Meeting. Shall I ask them to go away?" Shaking his head he said, "It is so dark; they have light!" Only then did the watchers discern what the sufferer meant by his oft-repeated statement. Hastening downstairs, one of them beckoned to the Captain, and asked her if she would go upstairs and pray with the dying lad.

For nearly an hour the Officer did her best to lead him into the Light, and at the end of that time he opened his eyes and said in a painful whisper, "Captain—I—used to go—to The Army—huts—in France. I heard there—of God's love. But—refused. Jesus—saves—me!" His eyes closed again and he sank into unconsciousness, remaining like that until early next morning, when he awoke refreshed and considerably better.

The doctor was amazed to see the change in his patient and, being a godly man, when he heard the story said, "God has some work for him to do, and I pray that he may become a soul-winner."

The patient ultimately recovered and on his first visit to The Salvation Army Hall he was accompanied by his mother and father, and had the joy of leading them to the Saviour's feet.

HIS Blood can make the vilest clean," sang the handful of Salvationists outside the "Spotted Leopard" public-house. Through its doors lurched a half-drunk man who reeled into the ring and said, "I am tired of my life. If you can prove that what you say is true, then I will get saved."

The Color-Sergeant said loud enough for the people standing around to hear, "Six years ago I was a drunkard, a gambler, a wife-beater, and everything else that is bad. One night in the bar of this very public-house I heard The Army singing outside, and knelt by the drum and sought Salvation."

"If God can do the same for me," said the other man, "then I will let Him do it," and kneeling by the drum he too found Salvation.



Stories of Wonderful Conversions culled from Army Publications

THE THREE LILIES

ONCE upon a time, in an old-fashioned garden, there grew three lilies side by side. They were exactly the same size, the same age, exactly the same, and exactly alike in outward appearance. "Belles" of the garden, and their stately forms, their superb coloring, and their rich costumes, so delicately adorned with gold, won for them the admiration of all the other occupants of that spot of beauty.

The particular day in which this story begins was a delightful one. Dame nature awoke in her kindest and most charming mood, thereby making her innumerable subjects very happy.

The grass blades stood at "attention" like green-uniformed soldiers awaiting the inspection of their beloved Queen. The robins, bedecked in their scarlet vests, hopped about the bosom of Mother Earth as if to display their splendor, and everything, as far as the eye could see, looked perfectly happy. But, alas! the hearts of the "lilies" revealed that every note was not in harmony with the divine organ of God's handiwork.

The three lilies began to talk together. The conversation turned to the preparations that were being made to accord Miss Easter a splendid reception. But soon generalities drifted into personalities, which was aided by one of the lilies, named Golden Eye, whispering, "Look here, sisters, let us tell one another how we would spend our lives if a fairy god-mother came our way and gave us our choice."

Another lily, named Velvet Cheek, drew a little closer, saying, "Now that we are by ourselves I want to say that I am so thankful for your suggestion, Golden Eye, because it will give me a chance to open my heart to both of you, as I have long wanted to do, but could not pluck up courage to begin. Now I am already getting very excited, and I wonder if you would mind letting me be the first to tell."

"Of course, you may!" was the ready reply from her friends. "But," added the thoughtful Silver Bell, "we had better talk quietly so as not to disturb the young people around us."

"Well, now," continued Velvet Cheek, "I would most decidedly choose a life of pleasure, did a fairy god-mother, as you say, give me my wish. I know that I am beautiful—in fact, my complexion is unequalled, my checks are like velvet, from which fact I derive my name. I am dignified and stately, and could adorn any position, and besides which Nature has endowed me with many gifts. I was born for the city, for the crowds. Yet, here I am, with my refined nature, just wasted in this wilderness of a garden. I positively shrink from the rough voices of the children who run down this path, their crude manners grate upon my nerves, their hands are rarely clean, and I literally live in dread lest they touch me as they pass to and fro."

Silver Bell tried to get a word in here, but Velvet Cheek had yet more to say, "With all my beauty I am expecting to stay here content as Primrose, who loves to cling to Mother Earth's apron-strings. There seems no prospect but that of living out my life here unseen, unknown and unappreciated. How you can endure it so cheerfully, Silver Bell, is a mystery to me."

Just then a breeze, making a sound between a sob and a sigh, swept the faces of the three lilies, and after it had passed Silver Bell remarked, "I am truly sorry you feel that way, dear! I had no idea that you were so unhappy, although at times I thought I could see traces of tears upon your pretty face. But let me hear what good-natured Golden Eye would choose had she the opportunity."

"Well, sisters," began the little beauty, "my aspirations are different from Velvet Cheek. I do not want to mingle with the crowds, whether they be refined or vulgar, and the constant sound of the music would weary me, and to be always guarding my complexion and my garments would be far too much trouble. I hate exertion of any kind, and I shall be content to remain right here, enjoying the warm days and the cool nights, having nothing else to do but please myself, and thus enjoy all the good things of life that may come my way unsought. But, of course, if Velvet Cheek ever gets her wish granted I shall be glad, for her sake, and shall wish her all the good luck possible."

A momentary silence followed, which was broken by a bird on a nearby twig, as if it were chirping out its displeasure of the whispered words which it had caught. It flew to join a friend upon a neighboring branch, perhaps to denounce the lazy beauty whose one ambition was to care only for herself through life.

"Silver Bell, it is your turn now," cried both the lilies, "to tell us what you would say to the fairy god-mother. Although," went on Velvet Cheek, "I must admit that you are very different from either of us, always fussing about the affairs of others. When Violet was crushed the other day under the boy's great foot you were sending her messages of love and sympathy until she had recovered, and when Daffodil's cheek was slashed with

that toy-whip you were telling her to try all kinds of remedies. In my judgment you make a mistake. You should remember your station in life and leave these things to the common folk to attend to."

"Now, now, Velvet Cheek," exclaimed Golden Eye, "that is enough; stop preaching to dear Silver Bell, to whom you are both indebted for deeds of love and words of cheer. Of the three, she is by far the sweetest and loved. Come, dear friend, now tell us how you would prefer to spend your life had you the chance."

"Thank you so much for your kind expressions, dear Golden Eye. It is so little that I can do, but I fain would fill my days with service for others were it possible. You know, dears, I feel the Divine Gardener has favored us more highly than others. He has sent us into the world to remind everybody of the first great Easter Day, when the tomb was burst, and Mary was sent from the open sepulchre, the first messenger to declare that Christ had arisen. I always feel we are His special Easter messengers, and we should be busy spreading the fame of His resurrection glory."

Just like a fairy tale these three lilies had their wishes granted, and I will tell you what became of them. Velvet Cheek was removed into the very environment for which she had long craved. For a time she had everything that heart could wish for, and she revelled in her changed conditions and drank deep draughts of the pleasures of life. But before long her delicate frame began to sink under the continual strain. Her shoulders began to droop, and her cheeks to lose their peerless bloom. Her room was hot and stifling, and sometimes her daily needs were forgotten, and for days she would be neglected. She longed for the fresh air of the once despised garden, and for the tender ministrations of her erstwhile friend, Silver Bell.

Her appearance rapidly changed, her beauty all faded, and one day she was actually cast out to make room for a new beauty. In her dying moments poor Velvet Cheek regretted her unwise choice, but it was then too late. She passed away and was forgotten.

Golden Eye also had her wish granted. She was allowed to remain and I will tell you what became of her. She basked in the sun all day, and slept all through the cool hours of the night. She did not exert herself for anyone, but just lived for herself, the queen of the garden, enjoying the good things of life as her own rightful heritage.

But, alas! one morning she awoke to find that disease had smitten her and she was doomed to die and to die with no friend or kinfolk near her.

Velvet Cheek had gone, and no one knew her whereabouts, and sweet Silver Bell had been taken from her side also, and her destination was unknown.

She had cared for none in life, and no one cared for her in death; and, friendless and alone, the beauty of the garden perished to be remembered no more.

But, with Silver Bell it was very different. She had an opportunity to go into a home of sickness as an Easter messenger, and as a result of her unselfish and tireless ministrations, and her clear and definite testimony the faithful lily was able to introduce to all the family the Easter Christ, who brought to every one of them pardon and peace.

After her life's work was ended, sweet Silver Bell drooped and died. Upon her faded cheeks tears of sorrow fell, and loving hands laid her tenderly aside, never to be forgotten.

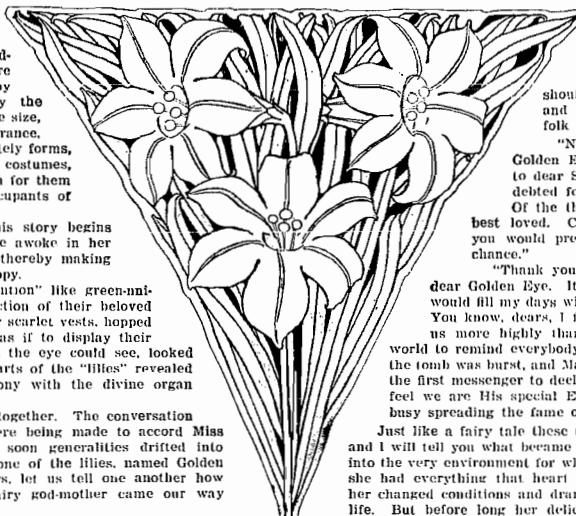
If I could have your answer to my question, "Which lily do you consider made the best choice?" I know you would all say, with one accord, "Silver Bell," the unselfish one, who found her joy in forgetting herself and doing what she could for OTHERS.

You are quite certain, aren't you, that just so sure as you choose Golden Eye's way in life you will also experience a similar ending to hers? It is always a rule in life that what you do not use you lose. Sleep and stagnation go hand in hand. Now if you know it will work harm rather than help, for you to live a life of ease and idleness, then why not this Easter tide put your knowledge into practice?

It is even so with the disciples of Velvet Cheek. People who spend their time in selfish pursuits, adoring their own person, and trying to sparkle before the eyes of the world—make no lasting friendships.

But how different do the followers of Silver Bell approach life's downward slope! Having spent the best of strength and substance in bringing cheer to other people, they close their eyes in the sleep we call death and are mourned by many loving hearts. The path of sacrifice, unselfishness and service yields abundant profits. Shall we link hands and journey it together from henceforth?

And shall we not only know the best, but choose it in the name and strength of the Easter Christ?



* * * * *
AN
EASTER ALLEGORY
By MRS. COLONEL STANYON
Eastern Territory, United States

The RESURRECTION of "TIGER MAN"

By COLONEL J. ALLISTER SMITH.

SITUATED near the wild Ngome range of mountains, and close to the Zulu border, is the bold, outstanding mountain named Ngweli. It dominates the countryside for many miles. From its "table" top, the views to be seen are so extensive and magnificent that the mountain has appropriately been renamed in English, Mountain View. Truly, it affords views which enthrall the beholder. To the west, some forty miles distant, the great Hlohang Mountain stands out clearly on the skyline. There the great struggle between the Zulu warriors and the small band of white soldiers under Lieut. Redvers Buller (later Sir Redvers) and the ill-fated Dirk Uys took place. Sir Redvers won his V.C. in this place of slaughter. To the south and east lies Zululand, the land of romance and adventure. Gazing due east, one sees the Mikusi River, stretching like a gigantic silvery snake till lost to sight, while to the south-west lies Ngome, Ntshankulu, and Nhlabatsho—all mountain giants which grip the imagination by their grandeur.

On the rugged Ngweli, the Tiger Man built his kraal on a small plateau, which lay at the base of the mighty masses of perpendicular cliffs which crowned the mountain. From the outer edge of this plateau, the land falls away in wild and broken contour. It is covered with thorny mimosa trees and scrub bush. It stretches away down and yet down to the ribbon of a river which wriggles its way with many windings to the Mikusi River. The wild scene seems a fit setting to the untamed, wild, devil-possessed soul, known throughout the district as the Tiger Man. Who is the Tiger Man? Well, I'll tell his story as I first heard it from the man whom God used to cast out the devil which possessed him.

About 1909 I sent Commandant Mbambo Matunjwa (then an Ensign) to re-start The Army missionary work which had been scattered during the Anglo-Boer War. The place was situated quite near the Ngome Mountains. God blessed the labors of this Zulu apostle, and soon there was a flourishing work where there had been only harrenness.

The story of a fearful murder of a woman, followed by gruesome mutilation, brought about by the "smelling-out" of a wicked witch-doctor, was related to Mbambo. His soul was so stirred by the evidence of the terrible bondage to sorcery and the gross darkness of his beloved Zulu people that his heart was nearly broken. He could not sleep at night for thinking of his countrymen being so steeped in witchcraft. Eventually, he left his wife in charge of his Corps, while he went to the scene of the murder to endeavor to lead the murderers to God. The place is at Ngweli, nearly twenty miles distant from this Corps.

In a wonderful way, God honored his faith and his labors. Soon, many of the participants in the terrible tragedy became enlightened by the Light of Salvation. How proud our Zulu Officer was of his Converts. And then, he heard of the Tiger Man. The people told him that there lived a man at the foot of the precipices who was periodically possessed by devils. When the evil spirits came upon him he was obsessed by the idea that he was a tiger! ("Tiger" in the Boer language, is the name given to the leopard.) The man, whose name is Mtshali, when thus possessed, roared like a tiger. Every vestige of his skin clothing he tore from his body. With different colored clays he daubed spots on his body to represent the leopard's skin. Then he crouched among the bushes like the wild animal he thought he was. He roared like a leopard at intervals.

The people, hearing the roaring, trembled and said, "The devils are in him again." None dared to go near his kraal, for well they knew that he would stone them with large stones. So a detour a long way round, was made by the people who had to pass his kraal. Sometimes strangers passed his place. With a sudden roar and hurling stones upon them, the Tiger Man would throw himself upon them, mauling them, biting them, snarling at them, and glaring at them like the animal he conceived himself to be. Poor Mtshali! His was a sad case.



Ensign Mbambo, when he heard the full particulars of the Tiger Man's condition, announced to his new Converts that he was going at once to visit him. Immediately they were seized with fears, and they implored him not to go. "The Tiger Man," they said, "will surely try to kill you."

"He cannot kill me unless my Father allows it. I must go. But you—away to the Prayer House (a wagon shed); get to your knees and pray for me that I may win this soul from Satan's power."

So the Converts obeyed their Officer, but with many doubts. What fears filled their anxious minds, for well they knew the Tiger Man. But the "Mfundisi" said, "Pray!" so to their knees they went and earnestly they prayed for his preservation.

And the brave Ensign—fearlessly he plunged down the precipitous gorge which intersected those beetling crags. (It was here where the Boers slithered down in the darkness with their horses after they had been shelled by British troops from four sides of the mountain.) What fears were his as he went to his mighty encounter with Satan? He told me afterwards that the Spirit plainly told him to go, and that the Spirit gave him courage of heart! Simple faith—mighty power.

Arriving at the kraal, the Ensign soon saw his man. Big, brawny, and powerful—strong enough to overcome him and kill him, he seemed. How he scowled! Surely, he was like the tiger in one respect—the glaring eyes contained that animal's wicked and sinister gleam.

The Ensign courteously gave the Tiger Man "good-day" ("sakubona" in Zulu), to which no reply was made. Then he told the Tiger Man a bit of his family history, how his parents had once lived in the neighborhood. They moved to Lower Zululand, with Prince Sizwe, of the Royal Zulu name; they were witch-doctors to him. Later, in the wars, Mbambo had fought for his king (Dinuzulu) and had been wounded. (He showed his wounds to the Tiger Man.)

Then in the course of time there came to his district at Amatikulu River, strange men, who had white skins. (The Ensign referred to the pioneer party to the Zulus, which was under my leadership.) These white men gathered the people under a large "mngawo" tree, and they spoke to them of God and His Son, Whose name is Jesus,

They told us that He died for the sins of white men and black men, and that He wished to save them from their sins and to make them good. At the close, the leader said: "If any of you wish to serve this God Who loved you so much that He gave His Son to die for you, raise your right hand."

"O, Mtshali! There was a fire in my heart. I gladly raised my hand, for I felt that I wanted this Jesus to be my Master for ever. So on that day I asked God to save me and make me a Christian. I am sure that what He did for me then, He can and will do for you to-day."

All this time the Tiger Man had not spoken a word. He glared steadily at the Ensign; at times his bands twirled; but his attention to the story was unbroken. When the story was finished, at last he spoke. These were his words:

"This is a good thing for my wife. Wife! go with this man, and do whatever he tells you. I have spoken!"

Then he turned away. The poor trembling woman accompanied the Ensign. Together they scaled the precipitous gorge. Eventually they came to the Praying House, where they found the Converts praying for the safety of their "Mfundisi. How glad they were to see him alive.

The Ensign now conducted a Meeting. At the close of it the Tiger Man's wife came to the penitent-form, and there she earnestly sought and found Salvation. What were her first words after this great event?

"I have found forgiveness and light, but what about my poor wild husband?"

The Ensign said, "Fear not, mammy. I am going home with you, and God will save your husband."

Together they scrambled down the gorge and they came to the Tiger Man's kraal. This time the Ensign made a bold, frontal attack on him. He showed the man that he had allowed his passions to make him an easy victim to the Devil, who had all but ruined him. His case was nearly hopeless, but not quite so. God had sent him to lead him into the Light. Would he yield?

What a struggle ensued! The Tiger Man was wild and furious now; anon, he was attentive and more docile. The battle raged around this tempest-tossed soul. Behold, Mbambo is on his knees crying to God to release this soul in bondage.

What a picture! On these historic grounds, where for ages battles had been fought by "impis" (armies) of conflicting natives, there was fought one of the most desperate and interesting of battles. This was a challenge from Spirit to spirit. It was Armageddon in an individual heart. The devils held tightly to the poor Tiger Man. But the praying Mbambo faltered not, in faith nor in courage.

So, with a last roar, the Tiger Man falls at the feet of the Devil Defeater. And He Who cured "Legion" on the slopes of Gadara, also cured the Tiger Man on the slopes of Ngweli Mountain. He was saved; he was delivered.

The Tiger Man, like every other follower of Christ, has had his "ups and downs," but he has been saved from "ins and outs." No more has he been possessed by devils. Oh, no! He is now "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind," and he is now "a wonder unto many."

Today the Tiger Man has developed into a good Salvationist. He is a prominent Local Officer of the William Booth Settlement, at Mountain View Farm, on which is Ngweli Mountain. His wife no more goes about in fear of a devil-possessed husband. On Sundays and other Meeting days, they go to one another. "Let us go into the House of the Lord." So their happy days are full of service to God and The Army.

Is this not a resurrection? Surely so. for he was dead and he is now alive—alive for evermore. Easter is still with us!

The Plea of Contrition



pianissimo

mf

By grief oppressed, with spirit torn, A burden which for

...

years I've borne, Distressed, condemned, wounded, forlorn, Thy pity, Lord, I plead.

...

Chorus, a little quicker

mp

Oh, wash my sins away; Oh, let Thy blood my soul overflow, And wash my sins away



By all the grief my sin has wrought,
By all the mercy Thou hast brought,
By all the love Thy suffering taught,
My pardon, Lord, I plead.

By all the Garden's night and dread,
By nail-pierced feet and thorn-crowned head,
By all the blood for sinners shed,
My cleansing, Lord, I plead.

By what Thy mercy bids Thee spare,
By all on Calvary Thou didst bear.

By every promise made to prayer,
Thy saving Grace I plead.

When out before the Great White Throne,
My thoughts and doings must be shown,
Then I shall stand by Grace alone,
My soul by God redeemed.

Within the Gates Faith's anchor cast,
With Life, and Death, and Judgment passed,
I then shall see Thy face at last,
My Lord and Saviour Thou!

TO CALVARY—FOR YOU!

A QUESTION EVERY READER SHOULD ANSWER—

ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE WHO REJECT HIM?

WHEN upon earth Jesus inspired in human hearts either hate or love. Then, as now, He had His foes and His friends. The insincere religious professors of His day did not relish His exposure of their shams and pretences. Crowds of indifferent people, for no reason in the world, took sides against Him. Sinners did not like His rebuke of their sins. Very faithfully did Jesus seek to save all who heard Him. Alas! few responded to His call, but those who did came to love Him with a love strong as death.

But do you think that those ancient foes of Christ were alone guilty in this? Every sinner who to-day rejects Him is equally to blame. Nowadays there are men who laugh insolently at their Saviour, and treat His call with contempt. The associations of Good Friday are nothing to them; they feel no pity for His brow, bleeding under the crown of thorns, nor for His pierced hands or feet or side! Nor for the deep anguish which broke His heart.

The story is told of a modern man who, happening to catch sight of a picture of the crucifixion on a wall, sneered, "Is that still going on?" It is still going on. The death of Jesus is the most abiding fact in history, and, sad to say, sinners' contempt of Him is an abiding fact, too.

But happily the shameful death of Jesus has in other cases created indignation. When a heathen king first heard the story of the crucifixion he is said to have stopped the narrator, and, stamping his foot, to have exclaimed, "Would to God I and my brave soldiers had been there!" But that history, however tragic, cannot be reversed.

How can any one, with any true feeling in them, look at the Cross unmoved? They see what sin has done to Jesus. See there, we repeat, an object-lesson of the possibilities which lie in any life of wrong-doing. You have done that, sinner, you! You have plaited a crown of thorns for Jesus' brow; you have nailed His hands and feet; you have pierced His side.

In reminding you of this we have no wish merely to stir your indignation or your pity. We ask that with faith and love you the staggering Son of God all the malignant utterances of their should look at your dying Lord. There on that Cross, He died for vile natures? Though the heavy wooden beams chafed His tender sinners, in order to prevent their eternal death.

Look at Him whom you have pierced. Will you be a party to His rejection any longer? Take the look of saving faith. Look, and in that look begin to live, just as health came to the serpent-bitten Israelites in the desert as they looked at the brazen serpent. Do you not feel the allurement of the Cross?

Take a life-look just now at Jesus. Whatever the godless crowd may do, surely you cannot join them by insulting Him? Look again into His face, the face of dying love and grace, and

then, in spite of the scoffs and jeers of the world, like the grateful woman of old, press your way to Jesus' feet.

Will you, after all this, turn away scornfully? Are you really prepared to belong to that hideous crowd of those who shout "Crucify Him, crucify Him!"? They, at the beginning were possibly little conscious of the horror of their deed, and Jesus prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," but are you ignorant of what you are doing?

Most of those who were parties to the crucifixion repented on the day of Pentecost, when the truth was preached to them; do you hesitate to repent of your unbelief and refusal of Jesus? We refuse to believe such things of you. Surely you will say as you see the Saviour before you.

Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life,
my all.

What confusion overcame those early enemies of the Lord, what justifying there was for the courageous woman who took her place so bravely at the foot of the Cross!

For when Jesus died it was not the end of Him. Good Friday was quickly followed by Easter Sunday. That very woman, who was there at the foot of the Cross on Good Friday, who followed Jesus' body to the grave in the garden, found early on Easter Sunday morning that He had risen from the dead, and heard men call her by her name. The future will certainly justify all who believe in Jesus and witness boldly for Him.

What is your attitude towards Him? Jesus, dying once on the Cross, is now alive. He appeals to you now, He will presently be your Judge. The love or the hatred of Jesus is an index of character and a forecast of your destiny. We beseech you, therefore, not to reject Him, but to receive His Blood-bought Salvation.

Perhaps a study of the picture may assist you to visualize the actual happening. Can you sense the atmosphere of enmity, as the crowd wag their heads and cast at

up the ghost. And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth didquake, and the rocks rent; And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose.

The path to Golgotha He trod alone—forsaken by those who previously were loudest in their declarations of unwavering loyalty. Will you not then, pay homage to His dauntless courage, by enlisting as a courageous disciple? Will you not pay tribute to His unexampled love by becoming a lover of the Lord yourself?

MATTHEW'S ACCOUNT OF THE CRUCIFIXION

Matthew 27:33-52

And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say, place of a skull,

They gave Him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and when He had tasted thereof, He would not drink.

And they crucified Him, and parted His garments, casting lots; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted My garments among them, and upon My

vesture did they cast lots.

And sitting down they watched Him there; And set up over His head His accusation written, THIS IS JESUS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

Then were there two thieves crucified with Him, one on the right hand, and another on the left.

And they that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads.

And saying, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save Thyself. If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross.

Likewise also the chief priests mocking Him, with the scribes and elders, said,

He saved others; Himself He cannot save. If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the Cross, and we will believe Him.

He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him: for He said, I am the Son of God.

The thieves also, which were crucified with Him, cast the same in His teeth.

Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour.

And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?

Some of them that stood there, when they heard that, said, This Man calleth for Elias,

And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink.

The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save Him.

Jesus, when He had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth didquake, and the rocks rent;

And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose.

The staggering Son of God all the malignant utterances of their

shoulders; though perspiration and dust begrimed the sacred face; though the human of Him quailed under the fierce heat of the noon-day sun;—yet He carried His Cross willingly; He bore it all alone, never swerving from the path of duty.

The path to Golgotha He trod alone—forsaken by those who previously were loudest in their declarations of unwavering loyalty. Will you not then, pay homage to His dauntless courage, by enlisting as a courageous disciple? Will you not pay tribute to His unexampled love by becoming a lover of the Lord yourself?

THE SALVATION ARMY

INFORMATION WHICH EVERY READER SHOULD HAVE :: CONCERNING OUR WORLD-WIDE ORGANIZATION ::

WHAT IT IS

THE SALVATION ARMY is a body of men and women who know their sins forgiven, united for the purpose of witnessing to the love and power of Jesus Christ, and devoted to the Salvation of others. Its purpose is expressed pointedly in the motto of its Founder, William Booth—"Saved to Save."

Founded as The Christian Mission in East London in 1865, the work spread in the following decade to many English cities. In 1878 it took its present name and adopted a military plan of organization—with uniforms and other distinctive features. From the early eighties it spread to many parts of the world, so that at the death of the Founder—and the appointment of General Bramwell Booth—in 1912, it was operating in fifty-nine countries. It is now at work in eighty countries and colonies, and proclaims its Message in fifty-three languages.

Whilst first and last The Army seeks to spread the religion of Jesus Christ, it has developed a considerable variety of agencies in its purpose to serve and bless the people.

Men of all nations are pleased to applaud its Welfare Work—its care for the neglected and friendless—and similar services. They recognize in it a valuable agency of Social Regeneration. Through its instrumentality bad men are made good and turned into a force for righteousness; drunken mothers are made sober and home-loving; wayward sons and daughters are transformed and restored to friends; prisoners, the despair of loved ones and authorities, are made anew. The Army's work in the social realm is unquestionably a great gain.

But underlying all such success, as that term is understood by the Salvationist, is the power of Christ's Salvation. The Army has faith for the worst—the most sinful and abandoned; with abounding hope it seeks the lost and brings back multitudes from the very jaws of despair.

The Army is a vital force in the cause of Temperance. It alone, amongst all religious bodies, makes total abstinence a condition of membership. Daily in its street and other Meetings, and in the homes of the people, it warns against the curse of strong drink. Likewise it teaches the children to shun it.

The Army is a powerful and expanding Missionary Force. It has more than Three Thousand Missionary Officers working in such diverse fields as are indicated through its Year Book. It aims at saving the heathen by means of its Converts from heathendom, and its present strong body of Officers, so recruited, is encouraging evidence of the effectiveness of its policy.

It is possible here to do little more than set forth in general terms what is The Salvation Army, which General Bramwell Booth has aptly described as "The Army of the Helping Hand."

Every week it conducts upwards of 100,000 Open-Air Services, reaching millions with the Gospel message, the vast majority of whom are non-church-going.

Its Officers, by systematic visitation, are in constant touch with the people in their homes—counselling and guiding them, and lifting their thoughts up to God and righteousness.

Its Bands brighten many dismal spots in life, and are an insistent call to the careless and God-forgetting.

Its work for Young People inculcates in the young the truth of Salvation—warns against sin, and sets before the boys and girls the beauty and joys of unselfishness and of service for others.

Its Homes are havens for the distressed and friendless. It has Hospitals for the sick, Labor Homes for the workless, Organizations for Overseas Settlement, and a wide range of other helpful agencies, including Homes for children and the aged.

In a word, The Army is addressing itself to human need literally from the cradle to the grave, and its Officers are proud to regard themselves as "Servants of All" for Christ's sake.

ITS AIM

No statement could perhaps more succinctly set forth the aims and purposes of The Salvation Army than recent declaration by Mrs. Bramwell Booth. "The aims of The Salvation Army are:

1. The saving of Men and Women and Children from Sin.
2. Training Them in the Art of Saving Others!

"We are a Salvation people. This is our speciality—getting saved, keeping saved, and getting somebody else saved," wrote the Founder at the time the name of The Army was adopted.

Speaking many years later to Officers of the Social Work, the Founder said: "Our great hope for the permanent well-being of the unhappy wanderers who come under our influence is their Salvation from sin. Do all the good you can to their bodies and circumstances, but while you strive to deliver them from temporal distress you must seek, above all else, to turn their miseries to account by making them help the Salvation of their souls . . . It will be small reward for all your toil if, after bringing them into conditions of well-being here, they perish hereafter."

The methods by which the purposes of The Army are achieved are many and varied. But every aspect of its service aims at Salvation.

No much connection, some would say, between waste-paper and extending the Kingdom of Christ. But hold! The Salvationist perceives a vital important connection. By means of waste-paper and other industries in the "Elevator" he has contact with crowds of poor broken fellows whose very necessities make them susceptible to love and thought and prayer. In the seeing eye is the vision of a veritable procession from the waste-paper room of The Army Elevator to the gates of the Celestial City.

Salvation is the aim of every Army enterprise. Study it where you will—in the Brass Band, in the children's Company Meeting, in the throbbing street attack, in the Institution work-room, and in the Hospital ward; in the

Settlement for Indian Criminals; in the Assurance Agency, and in the Leper Colony. Back of all is the high purpose to lead souls to God. In every branch of this glorious warfare not only is the aim the same, but achievement likewise.

ITS MESSAGE

"The world for Christ," declared William Booth. Hosts inspired by his stirring call live in almost every clime, been echoing and re-echoing that inspiring slogan for upwards of half a century.

In that terse battle-cry is contained the Message of The Salvation Army. Jesus Christ is the world's hope—the remedy for its sin—the solution of its problems—the assuagement of its sorrows!

* * * * *

"No resolution or religious ceremonials or pious feelings can make men good. Men are in bondage to their sins, their lusts and appetites . . . They cannot, by any strivings, master or get away from them . . . Like can only produce like; effect cannot be better than cause. To improve the nature you must change the character of the cause. There is no hope for permanent amendment in man without a change of heart. God is the author of this change. The greatest sinners can be saved from the power of sinful habits and the condemnations of their past evil doings . . . The sinner's Salvation is of God; his damnation is of himself!"—WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder of The Salvation Army.

* * * * *

"The Salvation Army's message includes the Call to Holiness—the Clean Heart experience. What do we mean by that? . . . Just this, a heart renewed by the Holy Ghost—put right with God, and then kept right! It means a heart perfect in its loyalty to God—irrespective of consequences; perfect in obedience. It means a heart that ceases to pick and choose amongst the Commandments of God—which shall be obeyed, and which not! . . . —CATHERINE BOOTH, Army Mother.

* * * * *

"Alcohol in the home dissipates and wastes the substance and material resources of the family. It is the great foe to thrift of every kind; it dissolves the vigor and spirit, which make and keep the home a living factor; alcohol lovers, and only too often destroys, the natural dignity and prestige of home and family life; it tends to weaken and ultimately to overthrow the authority of the family—to the great injury of the children; it opens the door of the home to the most vicious forms of self-indulgence and impurity. Strong drink is the implacable enemy of all that belongs to the true advance of the community."—MRS. BRAMWELL, BOOTH.

* * * * *

"The blood and sacrifice of a man could never put away sin and repair wrong that man had done to God. It is the Divine Man alone, the God-Man, whose precious Blood, shed for us, can wash away our stain. The sacrifice for sin is the remedy for sin. . . . The Cross is the soul of the Gospel. Christ crucified—not merely Christ revealed, or Christ exalted, or Christ glorified, but Christ crucified on the Tree—is the power of God unto Salvation to all them that believe. . . .

"The Salvation Army exists to proclaim the Gospel of God's pardoning love as the only Gospel of peace to the restless spirit of man."—GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH.—From "The Salvation Army Year Book, 1925."

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN

The Salvation Army

IN CANADA EAST

NEWFOUNDLAND

AND BERMUDA

General

BRAMWELL

BOOTH

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

LONDON, ENGLAND

Territorial Commander—

Commissioner CHARLES SWIFTON

James and Albert Street, Toronto

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INQUIRIES concerning anything connected with The Army will be gladly answered if addressed to the Commissioner at Territorial Headquarters, and will be forwarded upon application.

FRIENDS who desire that the work of The Salvation Army shall benefit under their wills will be given any information desired, direct or through their legal advisers.

"Alcohol in the home dissipates and wastes the substance and material resources of the family. It is the great foe to thrift of every kind; it dissolves the vigor and spirit, which make and keep the home a living factor; alcohol lovers, and only too often destroys, the natural dignity and prestige of home and family life; it tends to weaken and ultimately to overthrow the authority of the family—to the great injury of the children; it opens the door of the home to the most vicious forms of self-indulgence and impurity. Strong drink is the implacable enemy of all that belongs to the true advance of the community."—MRS. BRAMWELL, BOOTH.

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OUR MASTER

EVERYTHING that happened to our Master has some special significance for us. His prayers, His agony and wounds, His submission and wonderful resignation, finally His death and burial, all speak to us.

No matter when we look at Him in His earthly career, there is a dignity and grandeur about Him which are signs of true greatness and are quite in harmony with His claim to be one with the Divine Majesty. He appears always greater than His surroundings. He rebukes devils and turns them out. He heals the sick. He masters the critics. He triumphs over the ordinary laws of nature and works miracles which sets them aside. He stills the tempest. He defies the Tempter. He conquers death and raises the dead to life. Even when a Prisoner in the dock before Pilate, He seems greater than His judge. On the Cross itself, there is something about Him which, in spite of the shame, compels the crowd to feel and acknowledge that He is greater than a man.

Together with all the life and ceaseless conflict and untiring labor for others, there was also in Him the silent, patient grace of endurance. Do we not see that in Him, the two thirds do and did go together; the spirit of conflict with sin—the spirit

of most desperate antagonism to and love of encounter with wickedness, dashing itself against evil; and also the other side—the patient submission of an utmost meekness, the gentleness and silence of a mind and heart really united with the Father's will and fixed on Him.

Our Master was patient in small trials. He showed the same quiet, passive waiting spirit as the petty vexations swept up against Him, in Galilee, in Jerusalem, in Samaria.

Our Master was wonderfully mighty in His power over sickness and disease of every kind. Wherever He met with suffering or grief He wanted to heal it—and without question He did as a rule heal it. And yet for Himself, how He was willing and able to bear it! The very incident of the branding, and the previous agony in the Garden, and the beating and plucking out of His hair which followed, all show Him bearing, enduring in humble silence, that which He could so easily have escaped.

O Jesus, Thou Saviour of men, bound for us all, bound for each one of us, pour out Thy heart's spirit into our spirits! Bring us, body, soul and spirit into the same wonderful captivity with Thyself for the Salvation of the world! It can be done, for Thou art Mighty to Save!